**Save the Date**

Julie Esther Fisher

I shrink myself into the darkness

of the little black dress.

Death zips me in.

A new companion, he does

for me, everything but

change his mind.

He cleans with me, pays my bills. Tells

jokes, his jaws a crowd of

tombstones.

When death joins me on the scale, he weighs

Everything.

He rubs my feet, answers my calls.

Death walks my dog. In time

death goes to parties, mingles with my

friends. Death has

sex,

unprotected! Hell, what does it

matter? He surfs Bumble, Match, all the sites.

I say:

You’d better get yourself a

different name. No one wants

a date with death.

We smile,

knowing the joke is on me.

On my birthday

death makes me a cake layered of

the years I have left.

He serves up the biggest

slice you’ve ever seen.

That night, death sleeps close,

holding

the little black dress of me,

unzipped,

in his arms.